

"PEACE TO MEN OF GOODWILL"

On Wednesday night last, the studies or recreations of many of us were carried on to the burden of the spasmodic moans and plaintive wails of Southampton's warning sirens; we felt a vague uneasiness in the stomach which suddenly and sickeningly recalled that physical discomfort with which most of us watched the development of the Sudeten crisis just two months ago. But two short months ago, no further back than the beginning of this term it was, that we felt ourselves to be on the very verge of war. How long ago it already seems; how short are our memories for all that lies outside ourselves. To think of Czechoslovakia as a strong, free, and integral Republic, the ally of France and Russia, the hope of democracy, seems now almost as much a feat of historical recollection as a think of Hapsburg Austria or Tsarist Russia. With what easy swiftness we have passed from the excitement and apprehension of the end of the vacation into the well-known routine of normal life. The fate of Eger and Pilsen and Teschen have yielded place to an interest in the fate of the College Soccer Team or of the Saints; our conversation is no

longer full of Ruthenia, Skodes and Dr. Benesh, those topics have become remote shadows, obscured and half-forgotten in our concern over terminals and our plans for the Christmas vacation.

But those sirens of Wednesday night reminded us that our peace is by no means secure. Christmas is approaching, yet while we concern ourselves with buying presents, and planning amusements, those sirens tell mournfully of the two-year old torture of Spain and of a tragedy in China of which the world has never seen the like. There are Arabs in Palestine, Italians in Tunis and Jews in Germany to threaten our Christmas equanimity, and even a little folding of the hands to sleep will be disturbed by the consciousness that others do not share our peace.

What shatters of sweet fantasy are the textual critics! They tell us that it was not a facile promise of "On Earth Peace, Good Will towards men" that was given, but rather the conditional philosophy of "Peace on Earth to men of Goodwill." Unless there is goodwill there will be no peace. Peace will come by no Aristotelian natural

tendency towards perfection. We moderns tend to underestimate the importance of the will. We acquiesce in what we believe to be the inevitabilities of economic and psychological forces. We are ever ready to suggest that Hitler and Chamberlain and the Government and the Workers are the unconscious victims of forces they do not recognise and will not acknowledge, though we are slower than we should be to confess that we ourselves may be prejudiced by forces equally powerful and equally unrecognised. But the truth is that such acquiescence is not only bad philosophy and bad psychology, but will be fatal to a just peace and a good life. We must be men of goodwill, and goodwill is not merely a frame of mind; it is a national activity; it is based on knowledge and understanding, but it is manifest in fearless and unflinching action. We are all full of noble thoughts and charitable sentiments at Christmas time, but peace was not promised to the passively benevolent; it can only come from constructive will in action; the song of the angels spake not a promise, but a challenge.

R. R. B.



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S.S.H. FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

We "lovely daughters" (Y) of Highfield and Monte were the much-honoured guests of South Stoneham Students at their Entertainment last week, but our pleasure was tinged with regret at the unhappy thought that this was to be a farewell performance—the last time that the fruits of the mighty brains and pretty wit of Stoneham men should be offered for our delectation. We were very sorry that the Warden was unable to be present, but we found an admirable host in the Vice-Warden, who, with the House Committee, gave us a warm welcome on our arrival. We must confess, however, that we missed the familiar figure of the stately, side-whiskered butler, who, on so many of these occasions in former years, ushered us in with such dignity and deference.

The ivy-wreathed pillars, the fairy lights, the sparkling Christmas tree on the main stair-case (rather a source of embarrassment to the not-so-welcome) and the very bar of welcome were pleasant indications of the good things to come, although the first thing to catch our eye in the Common Room was an unkind reminder of the raison d'être of our presence at U.S.—to wit, Finals and Dip! However, such pricks of con-

science as we may have felt were soon forgotten as we "tripped the light fantastic" to the music of Charles Poland's Band.

After a delightful supper, enlivened by crackers containing anything from indoor fireworks to rolling-pins (so essential to the domestic life of any happy family) we obligingly played hide-and-seek while the Common Room was being prepared for the Entertainment. One little contretemps may be recorded—an embarrassing moment for a confirmed bachelor, who, on going to his room, found a strange woman in possession, and before he had time to recover from the shock, two more feminine heads popped out from under his bed, politely asking, "You don't mind, do you?"

When all the lost had been found, it was time for the curtain to go up, and we took our seats with the usual mixed feelings of suspense and pleasurable anticipation which seem to be inevitable on these occasions—Stoneham men have such vivid imaginations! After the Prologue—an edifying account of the origins and traditions of Stoneham, came the ever-popular contribution of the choir. Messrs. Collins and Roberts mourned Cupid's apparent desertion of student members

of College, so, anxious to carry on Stoneham's scandalous traditions, they were forced to seek inspiration in the Staff. But, enlightening as their information was concerning Rip Van Winkle's twin (Hic jacet Refectoria!) and that "demedded elusive Deputy Registrar," and although they raised our curiosity by hints of the indiscretions of a History Professor and the Man from Prague, their style was, perforce, rather cramped, since they are both too attached to U.C.S. to wish to leave it in a hurry. We quite see the position they're in.

After listening with much enjoyment to a movement from the "Moonlight Sonata," played by Mr. Kenyon, we were treated to the piece-de-resistance—a "gorgeous pantomime," "Snow-White," introduced by Queen Mab in person. (Are they wearing moustaches in Fairyland this year?) The first scene showed the transformation of the lovely Queen into a hideous old witch—wonderful what a little imagination and a tablecloth can do—hurled down imprecations upon Snow-White, whose only crime was that of being beautiful. From a filthy brew of Irish Stew, sauce roses and peas and chips, the witch triumphantly produced a juicy, poisonous banana with a

(continued on page iv, column ii)

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WESSEX NEWS

Tuesday, December 13th, 1938.

Office:

STUDENTS' UNION, UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

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Editorial.

In this Christmas number of *Wessex News* it is fitting that we should review the terms activities and in particular, the general policy which we have adopted . . . what some people would call the *tone* of the paper. It is not within our province to pass judgement on what we have done, but at least we can say what we have tried to do, leaving it to our readers to agree or disagree. The function of *Wessex News* as the official organ of the Students' Council and therefore of the Students' Union is primarily that of furthering their interests, and in doing so it has always borne in mind that to a large extent the interests of College and Union are identical, and that harmonious co-operation between the two is very desirable. It is very fitting then in this last issue of *Wessex News* for 1938 that it should, in the spirit of our last article, wish the College authorities and staff not only a happy Christmas, but also a very prosperous New Year.

Into the fun and jollity of Christmas festivities has crept not a little sorrow and misgiving. Past issues of *Wessex News* have had details of appeals for support of various organisations concerned with the alleviation of distress in the war-stricken parts of Spain or China or among the refugees from Germany and elsewhere. The appeal for Spanish children is well launched and we take this opportunity of asking all our readers to remember them on their lists for Christmas presents.

At Christmas too we make our annual appearance in the Town, when the general Carol party makes its effort in aid of the Children's Hospital. Here at least is something in which we can all take part and we confidently look forward to a successful evening.



The Editor would like to thank all those reporters and contributors who have helped to make the paper a success this term and to wish them and our readers a happy vacation and a prosperous (and dare we hope—prolific) New Year.

The Editor regrets that owing to pressure of space many letters have been omitted.



Valete

University College must view with very great regret, although at the same time must bid a hearty God Speed to Mr. W. Arkroyd who has been on the staff of the College since the Autumn term of 1935 and who is shortly proceeding to take up an important post in South Africa, which is confidently expected to lead to a career of great distinction in the Union of South Africa.

Mr. Arkroyd came to the College with the unusual distinction of heading the Cambridge Teachers' Certificate list and his powers as a lecturer were very quickly felt and appreciated by the successive generations of students whom he taught. At the same time he showed exceptional devotion and energy in conducting the larger part of the work of the Matriculation classes, now discontinued, a very difficult and somewhat thankless task, for which, nevertheless, the members of that class were really appreciative.

For the student body in general Mr. Arkroyd's all too brief tenure at College has been conspicuously successful. In his remarkable advances with the O.T.C., he effected the carry-over from the Territorial Unit to the establishment of a full O.T.C. with great skill and mastery and the Southampton University College O.T.C. ranks very high indeed and has earned the greatest possible praise from the War Office.

The College owes a very great debt to Mr. Arkroyd for his very unselfish and arduous labours for the O.T.C.

Equally successful and self-denying has been Mr. Arkroyd's work for the Boat Club. He had the same infectious enthusiasm for disciplined oarsmanship as Mr. Casson, and the Boat Club cannot forget what he has done for it, in the past three seasons.

His colleagues in the Training Department will watch his future career with the liveliest interest and sympathy, and he will take up his new work in the distant land knowing that both students and staff wish him every possible success and happiness in his new sphere.

Felicitations also go to Mr. Harold Williams who has completed his Teachers' Diploma course this term and is about to be ordained and to take up his first curacy at St. Paul's, Winchester. It is hoped that the students will have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Williams as a preacher in the Spring term, 1939. He too will return to South Africa for important educational work in two years time.

Felicitations likewise go to Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Neve, Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Ginn who complete the contingent of graduates going out and embarking upon their careers at the close of the Autumn term.

Invocation to the Muse

All of us who try to write, not necessarily to be heard, but to try to write about, but to avoid what A. A. Milne calls "the Hell of not writing," are familiar with those small white strips of paper that signify the "Editor's Regrets." Sadism is not dead, and the Editorial Board of *West Saxon* may find some enjoyment in condemning to the waste-paper baskets the literary efforts of their fellow students.

West Saxon is due to appear on March 2nd, 1939. In the past it has been the task of the Editorial Board of this worthy journal not only to edit it, but to write it as well. Perhaps this accounts for the numerous apologies that have appeared in past editorials. Even Johnny Ruffell seems to have suffered a little of the child of his journal's shyness of the child of a small and limited clique.

This is not entirely because contributions are lacking from the College. It is due also to the type of material that is submitted. There are many, Oh! so many, who are budding sonneters. There is nothing better than a good sonnet, but alas! nothing so bad as a bad one. The last Editor (praised be his name for raising *West Saxon* to heights we dare hope to aspire) was fully aware of the need for the elimination of such literary efforts, and emphasised the need for contributions that were, he put it, "bright and snappy." He meant by that, not cheap attempts at wit, not a poem of hackneyed diction and traditional flights of fancy, not prose efforts that other men may claim their own, but original, truthful writing.

Our statement that contributions are not lacking must be modified, however, with regard to the gentler sex. Are there no writers among them? Is the College peopled with Amarylls? Or have they all taken Virginia Woolf's advice, and are waiting for "five hundred a year and a room of their own"? Judging on the literary output of the women of the College during the last two years (and only on that) we risk everlasting hate and fling Ben Jonson's words at them:

"Say, are not women truly, Styl'd but the shadows of us men?"

We welcome Mss. from any member of the College on any topic: we have taken all writing to be of our province. Perhaps next March we will look inside the cover of *West Saxon* and say to the student body:

"What lovely things Thy hand hath made."
We say . . . PERHAPS.

744931

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—surely nowhere has there been a more apt demonstration of the truth of this phrase than in Highfield Hall during the past fortnight. The first hint that a change was about to take place was given to the general body of Hall by the sight of the grads, still gathered around the Common Room fire, but now, "mirabile dictu," surrounded by books and scraps of paper bearing lessons-to-be, either good, bad or indifferent. Shock followed closely upon shock—grads appeared promptly on the stroke of eight for breakfast, a general rushing and stampeding along the corridors announced their outgoing and a more silent entry marked their return. Nowhere was a grad seen without a pile of books—school practice was indeed in full sway. By now, however, Hall has accustomed itself to the sight of erstwhile idlers working and comparative peace and quiet once more rules—(is this the result of forthcoming terminals or have appeals for silence during the appropriate hours at last had effect?)

The custom of entertaining guests to dinner has been continued, and perhaps our most distinguished guest was Professor Cook—(dare we suggest that he helped us to create a new record for laughter and noise on high table?)

Anyway, in spite of envious glances from less favoured members of Hall, high table laughed its way through the dinner, which was followed by a very pleasant chat between the grads and their professor of education. A general comment afterwards was "we hope he comes again."

Now that the end of term is approaching we look forward to the usual festivities and take this opportunity of saying goodbye to Mac, to those foreign students whose stay with us is nearly over and provisionally to Anthea, and of wishing the rest of College, both staff and students, A very Merry Christmas.

The Arts' Dance

The atmosphere of dances in the Assembly Hall is always created by the nature of the decorations; this year the usual conscious hedonism of the Arts Faculty gave place to the delightful festive Christmas spirit. The only indication that it was an Arts Dance was the inclusion in the programme of a De Coverly suite, but even this had to be eliminated because of the popularity of the "Lambeth Walk." The tiny Christmas trees and laurel boughs, and the tiny spring of mistletoe that appeared furtively and suggestively over the door during the course of the evening, added to the Spirit of Noel, so much so that many a man was induced to make wassail in Refec. There were even snow-flakes on the windowpanes, though we must confess that the cotton-wool was annoyingly reminiscent of a really bad shave.

The great event of the evening was the arrival of Father Teddy Christmas, whose decent of the chimney brought the wall of the ancient set perilously near to falling over. Perhaps it will teach the old man that it is high time he adopted modern methods of transport! He then presented the prizes, and offered the winners significant advice, and added his best wishes, as he said, "with all the sincerity that is possible, from me to you."

The evening ended with a last waltz danced in the ecstasy of crimson lights, which made everything look lively, even Charlie Waywood's laughing face.

We must all be extremely grateful to Pete and Polly and Mac, and all the others who put so much hard work into making the evening the greatest success it was. If the Arts Dance 1938 needs an epithet, what better could it have than "Jest and Youthful Jollity"??



PERSONAL.

LOST.—I pair dancing pumps, black, box-calf. Will finder (or borrower) please return to the Editor.

The General Carol Party

in aid of The Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital
and the Children's Hospital will meet at

PORTSWOOD JUNCTION

On Friday, December 16th, at 7.30 p.m.

★

Come along in your couples, dozens, scores and make it a success.

Athletic Union

The Sports' activities of the past term have been brought to a fitting climax by the number of A.A.A. matches played during the last fortnight.

Perhaps the most outstanding and most impressive display of all was against Exeter, when all the College clubs, except the Rugger, were able to record a victory. These results are very significant and whatever the reasons may be (and reasons there are many) for the poor form of the Rugger Club this season, one is driven to the conclusion that they are the weakest of all the College winter clubs.

Since the last issue of the *Wessex News*, the Boat Club, too, has taken its part in this end of term U.A.U. rush, and, as far as reports go, seems to have put up a very creditable performance—only a narrow margin robbed it of victory. But the Soccer Club have had a brilliant spell of success, at any rate as far as results go, for not only have they won their last seven games but two U.A.U. fixtures as well.

Let us hope that their optimism for next term is not ill-founded.

BOAT CLUB.

The first VIII with a few supporters travelled to Bristol on Saturday, December 3rd, to race against the Bristol University VIII.

A fairly strong stream was running and both coxes made good use of it. Bristol had a rather better start and, rowing at 32, to our 30, pulled away slightly. About half-way our rate of striking was raised a little, but the middle of the boat went to pieces. Valuable ground was thus lost. Meanwhile, Bristol went up to 34 and despite a fine last minute effort our crew could not catch them up. Bristol finished rowing very well.

The Avon course is very short (2-mile in length) and our crews always experience the same trouble; they have not the staying power to row the distance at the high rate of striking necessary. This year they again cracked, but not very badly. The final result which gave Bristol a win by 2-length, was not discreditable.

Next term, on our own water and over a long course we ought to make honours even.

NETBALL CLUB.

U.C.S. 23. Eastleigh C.H.S. 21. Although playing with two reserves College team managed to hold the lead throughout the game and achieve a victory.

The shooters did well, but on the whole the play was disappointing.

SOCGER.

Results:

Dec. 3rd—1st XI v. Reading.

W. 4-2.

Dec. 6th—1st XI v. Exeter.

W. 5-3.

Dec. 10th—1st XI v. King

Alfred's. W. 5-1.

The Soccer Club must be highly commended on their performance during the last month. The two U.A.U. matches, against Reading and Exeter, were won with more ease than the score suggests. If Exeter can manage to beat Bristol on Wednesday we stand a good chance of becoming champions of our section. Perhaps the best performance was the beating of King Alfred's College, old rivals of ours. It is the first time we have beaten them for five or six years. In this remarkable winning run the whole team must be praised for playing as a team. We hope to keep up the good work in the future.

Record for this term:

P 13. W 9. L 3. D 1. F 62. A 26.

RUGGER.

Exeter 17. U.C.S. 3.

U.C.S. were beaten by Exeter last Wednesday, and the score is a fair reflection of the play. College had a good share of the game territorially, but very rarely looked like scoring, the chief reason being that the forwards were completely outplayed. Exeter getting the ball from practically every scrum and line-out. The handling of the Exeter backs, however, was not nearly so good, with the result that the game was rather scrappy and uninteresting. Exeter scored five tries, one of which was outplayed. Exeter was the only reply from U.C.S. was a penalty goal kicked by Roberts. Summing-up, the College XV, not maintaining the improvement shown in recent games, was deservedly beaten by a superior team.

HOCKEY.

U.C.S. 2. Reading 6.

U.C.S. 2. Exeter 0.

College faced Reading full of confidence and eager to regain prestige lost at Bristol. Hopes gradually faded as the ball trickled again and again into the College goal. We more than held our own in mid-field, but alas, when Reading reached our circle the ball found its way into the net with heart-rending regularity. College obtained two snappy goals, but the forwards lacked accuracy in shooting. Just four or five more goals to swell our list of "Goals that should not have Been."

Our team against Exeter looked pathetic on paper, with two stars absent and an "unknown" goalkeeper ready, we feared, to "take his bow." Playing with grim, if not desperate, determination, the team did not allow Exeter to settle down—the defence, as usual, played magnificently and

the forwards played energetically, if not skilfully, to supply the winning goals.

We are sorry to lose two stalwarts, Williams and Young, who have done yeoman service for the team and wish them all the best for the future. We regret too that another star has found it impossible to continue playing for College.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

U.C.S. 19. Calshot R.A.F. 36. The last match of the term ended in a pleasing, although somewhat muddy, victory. The invincible superiority of the College packing was evident from the start, and a gap of ever-increasing dimensions between College and Calshot spurred on the team to heroic efforts; so that for the first time this season, College placed the first three men home, in Pirrie, Hodgkinson and Armstrong. If Calshot had expected an easy victory after their vanquishing of College earlier in the term, they sadly under-rated the calibre of the men whom the C.C.C. turns out. The Club's running augurs well for the sterner matches of next term.

U.C.S. 62. Eastleigh A.C. 23. On December 3rd the team ran against Eastleigh at home. A very fast start, four of the Eastleigh team took the lead and held it throughout the race. Pirrie was 5th, the next College runner being Hodgkinson at 8th.

A College "A" team ran against Taunton's School on Wednesday. Hodgkinson ran a very good race, taking the lead over the whole course. Armstrong was 2nd with Dyer 4th. Result: U.C.S. 20. Taunton's 36.

FENCING CLUB.

Foil.

Isle of Wight F.C. 6. U.C.S. 3.

Epee.

U.C.S. 6. Isle of Wight 3.

Sabre.

Isle of Wight 7. U.C.S. 2.

This was a very even match, as will be remembered from the number of bouts lost or won by the odd point in foil. Such losses were mainly responsible for our low results in foil and sabre. Epee saw U.C.S. definitely superior, due much to Langhorne, who has a very high percentage of wins this term.

The tactics employed, the way in which players found out each other's weak points, and the fighting in general throughout were enjoyable and pleasing to watch. We seemed to have got rid of our tiredness and staleness, had more self-confidence, and we hope the Vacation's rest will give us a new return to form.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

U.C.S. 3. Reading 13.

A fast game in which College was not so completely outclassed as the score would suggest. Taking some time to settle down the defence in the first half was successfully beaten by the clever combination of the Reading forwards. College replied twice through the right inner, making the score at half-time 8-2. In the second half play improved considerably, backs and halves tackled more accurately and forwards attacked repeatedly, but could not prevent the score mounting against them.

U.C.S. 5. Exeter 4.

Playing a full 1st XI for only the third time this season, College gained a narrow but well deserved victory. After the score had been opened by Exeter in the first minutes from a flick off a corner which caught the goalie off her guard, play was centred in our half, forwards attacking strongly and bringing the score to 2-1 in our favour at half-time. Resuming play, Exeter attacked successfully three times but College made a quick recovery and three good goals from the centre and left inner brought victory by a narrow margin. The team played well together, and but for the fine play of the Exeter goalie the score would have been undoubtedly much higher in our favour.

U.C.S. 8. Portsmouth T.C. 2.

NETBALL, W.I.V.A.B.

U.C.S. 52. Exeter 5.

A match that ended in a smashing victory for U.C.S. who again broke the record for the highest score obtained in W.I.V.A.B. Netball. Exeter had to field a team far below the average and there was no need for College to exert themselves.

The team did not, however, slack off for Exeter who, although hopelessly outclassed, played pluckily. Southampton defence as usual was good and special credit must be given to the Shooters who mounted up the goals with rapidity. Maggie proved herself a cunning tactician in clearing the way for Miss Sharpe who was shooting with great accuracy.

On the whole the game was unworthy of W.I.V.A.B. Netball and the teams to be met in the future will be far above Exeter standard, so no resting on laurels, please, 1st VII.

TERMINALS.

One of the graduates on Teaching Practice tells us that in a terminal Science examination one of the questions on Sound was "What is pitch?" and a boy replied "A black substance."

Economics Society Meeting

Last Friday evening, Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, an official attached to the Import Duties Advisory Committee, spoke on the "British Tariff System." The talk was to some extent circumscribed since the speaker as a Civil Servant was obliged to avoid giving away any secrets. None the less he mentioned many things of interest to economists or to others interested in administration.

The growth of the modern arrangement—which the speaker stressed—was very piecemeal and empirical in the characteristic British fashion, but he considered it met the needs of industrialists and merchants, and, as far as possible, it also met those of the consumer. Mr. Hutchinson discussed the work of the committee from various angles, and gave it as his opinion that the establishment of some tariff system by 1931 when an economic blizzard hit so many countries was inevitable, and he pointed out that, notwithstanding our forsaking of free trade, at present probably 40 per cent of our imports, as near as could be judged, entered the country duty-free. The reason was the Government's policy of trade pacts, in addition to the fact that the Committee did attempt to secure a downward revision of duties where practicable.

The speaker was subjected afterwards to a bombardment of questions, but none succeeded in flooring him. It was evident that the old issue of free trade versus protection was not quite dead even if damned. Mr. Hutchinson was very willing, as he remarked, to give the Society another talk when possible.

Further meetings of the Society will be held later in the session, and it is hoped that all economists will support them and anyone else who is interested. Such meetings may be made successful or otherwise by the support given to a larger extent than seems generally recognised. The controversially-minded, and those thirsting for knowledge, have ample scope, and economics is a dry subject only to those who make it so.

TOOMER'S OF LONDON ROAD

for
SPORTS GEAR
OF QUALITY
WHAT ABOUT
CHRISTMAS?

Professors on Peace Platform

The B.V.P.A. held its first meeting on Friday last when Professor Betts and Professor Cock put forward their views as to the solution of the present situation. Professor Ruse was in the chair.

Professor Betts gave his views as a representative Socialist speaker. He stressed the need for co-operation and the evils of competition. Competition, he said, leads to war. He cited the treaty of Versailles as an example of lack of co-operation. Before a solution could be found it was necessary to have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the situation and then to have discussion.

Professor Cock was almost in agreement with Professor Betts, but he thought that Socialists were inclined to have a one-sided view of things. Further, why is it necessary to combine mankind under one system? Why could we not have "many mansions"—a French mansion, a German mansion, a Russian mansion, an English mansion? He saw, too, the need for knowledge and understanding, but he pleaded in addition for sympathy, moderation and temperance, and finally for communal prayer.

Mr. Archard, speaking from the floor, referred to Professor Cock's criticism of Socialist opinion of German internal affairs, stating that it was the principle underlying Germany's foreign policy which Socialists criticised.

Professor Betts in summing up enlarged upon Mr. Archard's point, and also expressed complete agreement with Professor Cock's plea for temperance, but said that after cool reasoned discussion there was room for righteous indignation, that it was both permissible and desirable.

TEACHING WITHOUT TEARS

When ask what a hostel was, one bright youth replied that it was a place for down-and-outs.

The BUNGALOW CAFE

You know where it is.

You know what it gives.

- Hear the Band and enjoy yourself

S.S.H.—Continued from page 1.

which to tempt the princess, and went off cackling with venomous hatred. (Bravo, Dr. Ladbrough!)

The next scene opened with the dulcet tones of Teddy, a buxom but appealing Snow White, with the dwarfs adopted as Vice-Matrons. By telling her that every bite meant passing an examination, the witch lured her to taste the banana. Vengeance overtook her, however, but alas, not before Snow White, having disposed of it in two mouthfuls, dropped senseless to the floor. In the midst of the dwarf's lamentations, Prince Charming, a truly romantic figure, entered, and with a loving kiss, brought her back to life. To celebrate the occasion, Snow White burst into song—and everything ended happily.

The skilful performance of the concert afforded an opportunity for two stalwart members of staff to show their strength, and we continued to hold our breath during the "Stoncham Scandals," 1938 edition, which, in the opinion of those who went unscathed, was surprisingly mild. Mr. Botterill's singing of "Shenandoah," assisted by the choir, was warmly appreciated, and an epic, reminiscent of Stanley Holloway, describing the origin of Stoncham's Bugle and Entertainment, concluded an excellent show.

The rest of the evening consisted of dancing and a treasure-hunt, and again was our joy to hear the incredible news that we had extra leave. Many thanks to Stoncham for such an enjoyable evening, and our best wishes to the Vice-Warden, for a happy and successful future abroad.

Resume of S.C. Meeting December 6th.

1. Questionnaire to be circulated in connection with Youth Hearing N.U.S.
2. Spanish Relief Appeal.—It was decided to hold:—
 - (a) Collection this term.
 - (b) Dance next term, first Sat.
 - (c) Table Tennis Tournament next term.
3. A Committee has been set up to deal with this.
4. Union Tea.—It was decided to let the matter drop.
5. Stage Society Report.—A very satisfactory report showing a balance of £10 0s. 2½d. £5 of this to go to Stage Society Funds.
5. Treasurer's Report.—Only likely deficit will be on Wessex News and West Saxon.
6. Report of Development Committee Meeting. The consideration of the reasons for the decline in numbers in College to be continued.
7. A.O.B.—
 - (a) Union to give a sub. of £2.
 - (b) Cost of food in Refectory to be investigated.
 - (c) Christmas cards are now available.
 - (d) It was suggested that a bound copy of West Saxon be put in the Library.

S. A. GRIFFITHS (Asst. Sec.)

XMAS 0938

Research in old copies of Wessex News, then known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, has revealed the adventures of a famous West Saxon of past times.

'Twas Xmas and a thousand years ago, Wessex lay some four foot deep in snow.

At dusk the gallant West Saxon, Chickenbro, left Stonehome cave. He was of proud Wessex Stock—the blood of Ethelblue (who was his father and not his mother as might be expected), and such renowned ancestors as Ethelwulf, Ethylalcohol, and Methylated Spirit (the family ghost) flowed in his veins. His breast swelled with pride of lineage, but his heart palpitated beneath his academic beskin, for he was going to serenade fair Hildegarde of Highfield. He slung his trombone over his shoulder and mounted his trusty reindeer.

Meanwhile fair Hildegarde, with true feminine cunning, adjusted her wig of flaxen locks, which covered her few scraggy green ends, and combed them before her crystal glass, ever and anon glancing expectantly through the windows.

A sound of music reached her ears and her handsome face lit with eager delight as she skipped to the sill. One glance changed her happy countenance, and with an un-maidenly Saxon oath, she emptied a jar of water on the Select Carol Party.

Before long, however, the soothing notes of a trombone reached her bower, and she listened with ecstacy to Brothy's signature tune.

"Where's my na With bulging cheeks Brothy played his air, eyes upturned to Hildegarde's window. Her charming face appeared and in his joy Brothy let loose his mouthful with unharmonious consequences. He made a brilliant recovery, however, and continued his melody to the wreathe admiration of his lady.

Then the attention of fair Hilda seemed to waver. She disappeared from the window. Though perturbed our good West Sax. played on. Soon she returned again to smile upon him. His triumph was but short lived for again Hildegarde went back—Again and again. Then Brothy winced as he caught the notes of bagpipes coming from the other side of the bower. Dropping his trombone in the snow, and drawing a monster chopper from his belt he stealthily rounded the corner of the building.

While false Hilda had been apparently so charmed with Brothy's serenade, she had kept one ear cocked open for her other beau, Cnut of Naught, an outlaw Dane, but with pockets well lined with 'dane-geld,' and Hildegarde had been educated.

Soon a sound like an air raid

siren interrupted Brothy's melodies, and, crossing her bower, Hildegarde saw her other senerader blowing up his bagpipes with a bicycle pump. Soon he entered competition with the West Sax, but it was not possible to distinguish any tune. Hildegarde thought it was a melody. Cnut held her attention for but an instant. Brothy must be reassured. However she returned—but again disappeared. And again and again.

Brothy rounded the second corner cautiously, vainly trying simultaneously to wield his weapon and put his fingers in his ears to shut out the bagpipes. The wail soon ceased, however, for Cnut spotted his foe and drew his broadsword.

Hildegarde watched the rivals with torn emotions. The two men advanced. Brothy swung his axe above his head while Cnut lunged forward with vigour. Hildegarde held her breath and her wig. Suddenly, to her surprise, both heroes disappeared underground.

Of course, it was the A.R.P. trench hidden by the snow.

From beneath the whiteness came the clash of metal. Bubbles and oaths rose to the surface.

Finally the clamour ceased, and low grunts were all that Hildegarde could hear. Then the head of Brothy appeared, one ear missing, but otherwise intact. On his shoulder he carried the body of Cnut.

With a shrill of pleasure, which she had slid whatever the issue, Hilda slid down the drainpipe and clasped Brothy with a strangle hold.

Now it happened that as they stood thus, by the body of Cnut the outlaw, King Alfred passed that way. With characteristic forgetfulness he had forgotten the mince pies and had been sent to fetch them.

Seeing the slain outlaw, he took Brothy by the hand and coughed.

"Sir, you've done a noble deed this day. By gad I think I'll knight you right away." But Brothy, being impetuous and eager for fair Hildegarde's embrace, rose up too soon and bumped his head upon the outstretched sword.

In the words of the Chronicle: "When alas his noble head he raised, Instead of being knighted, he was dazed."

This is reckoned as the most chronic fun in the Chronicle and a timely ending for a tiresome tale.

X. Y.

The Assistant Business Manager wishes to thank all those who have generously given their services to the selling and posting of Wessex News this term.

Calendar.

Tuesday, December 13th. 5.15. Choral Society. Final rehearsal of Term.

Wednesday, December 14th. Sing-Song. South Stoncham House at 8.30 p.m.

Thursday, December 15th. End of Terminals (we hope!)

Friday, December 16th. General Carol Party, as advertised in this issue.

Saturday, December 17th. END OF TERM. (Thank goodness).

Chess

The very keen and wide interest in Chess at College is seen by the record number of twenty-one entrants for the Club Championship and the John Lewis Cup. The draw has now been made and it is hoped that games will be played as soon as possible.

On December 3rd College was represented in the Hampshire team which defeated Dorset by a wide margin. Two invitations were received but unfortunately our President was unable to play.

On November 26th the "A" defeated Bournemouth by 4-1; a result which, considering that Bournemouth won the 2nd Division of the Hants League last year, promises well. This performance has, however, not been maintained and last Wednesday College "A" fell to the Old Testamentians, the top three boards being soundly beaten. Despite this loss the "A" still remains at the top of the Southampton League.

The "B" surpassed themselves against Southampton, the result is 3-2 in our favour, with one game, probably a draw, for adjudication.

The Southampton Chess League Trophy, won last year by College, is in the Union Secretary's Office and may be seen by any interested.

K. N. R.

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